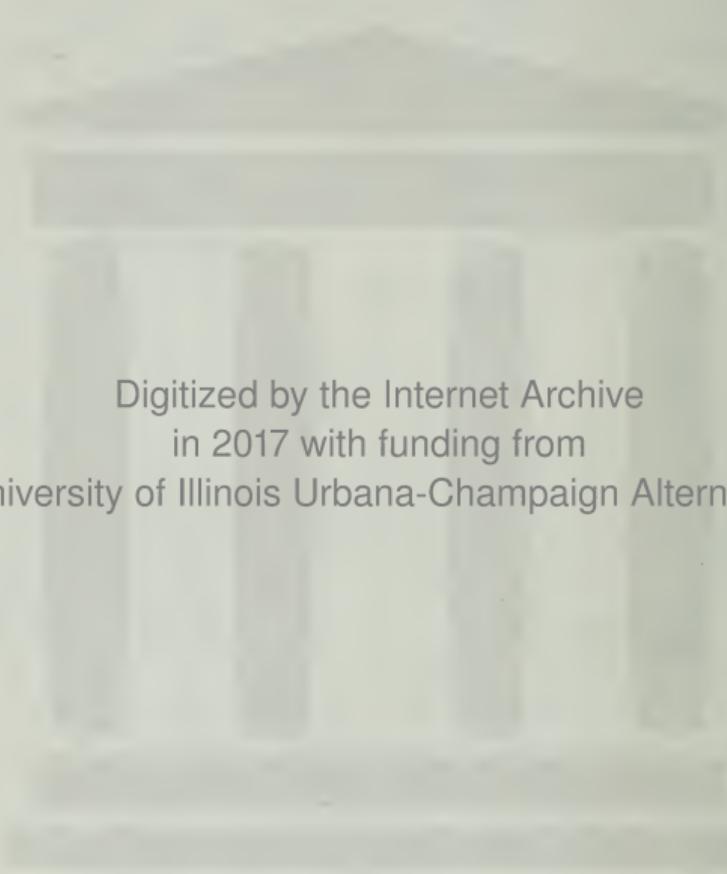


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# OUR TOWN;

OR,

# THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

A P L A Y

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

JOSEPH DAVIES.

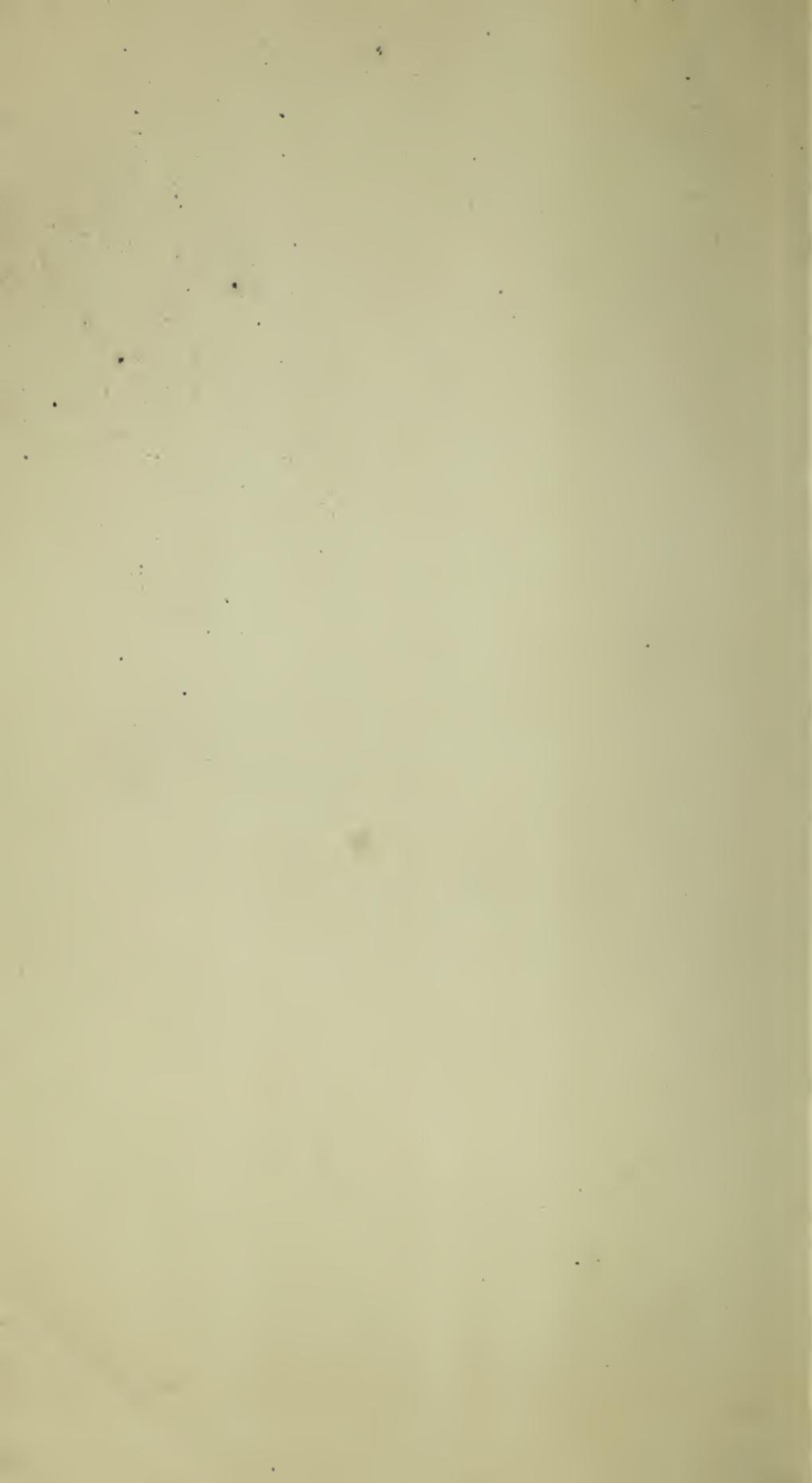
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WARRINGTON:

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1859,



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TO

COLONEL WILSON-PATTEN, M.P.,

AID-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN,

&c., &c., &c.

THIS TRIFLE

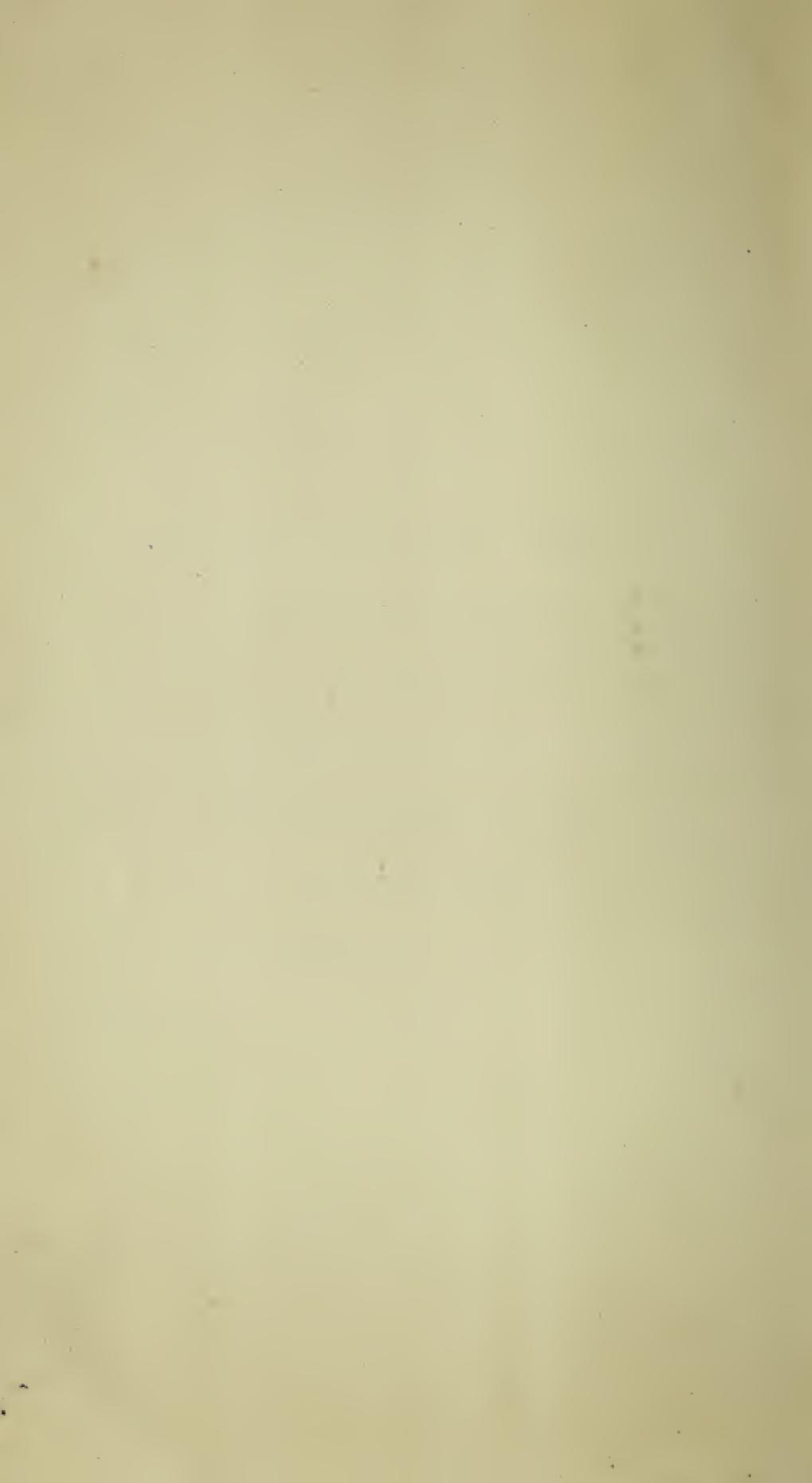
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Given this 24th instant  
A.D. 1811



## CHARACTERS.

---

TWADDLE .....	<i>A Grocer.</i>
LUSHY FRANKS .....	<i>A poor Shoemaker.</i>
Mr. FACT .....	<i>A worthy Attorney.</i>
EDWARD O'BRIEN .....	<i>An industrious young Irishman.</i>
MICKY DOYLE .....	<i>The "genuine Irish Blackguard."</i>
NIPPER .....	<i>A Detective Officer.</i>
TWO BAILIFFS.....	
AN OFFICE BOY .....	
 Mrs. TWADDLE.....	<i>A new Lady.</i>
Mrs. O'BRIEN.....	
SARAH FRANKS .....	<i>Lushy Franks' Daughter.</i>
KATHLEEN .....	



# OUR TOWN.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in Lushy Franks' house.—Lushy seated at his stall.*

LUSHY. I am the most unlucky dog alive. Here I am, thumping away all my life, and not one pin the better. I dont know how it is—some people are born rich—some get rich—some have money left 'em—some,—some, get it somehow. Now, I'll just put it. Here's Mr. John Twaddle—here's me. I bears no malice ; but here's Jack Twaddle goin' i'th Council. Eh dear ! When I got these boots from Twaddle's, who should I see but Micky Doyle leaving the shop with a bundle of papers for the Leckshon. Eh dear—not that I bears malice, but times is altered. Micky says Twaddle is to be Councillor, and as how he's 'dressing th' burgesses on'th walls. What does Jack Twaddle know no more nor me. I bears no malice, but here's Jack Twaddle sarves his time wi' me—he marries Poll—I marries Sue. He keeps a shop, leaves off work. gets rich, and buys houses. Look at his stuck-up wife, proud as Lucifer, and fat as butter ; and my poor Sue, dead and gone, leaves me, Lushy Franks, as poor a cobbler as ever knocked a nail. Lucks agen me.

*Enter SARAH.*

SARAH. I hope not always father. Besides you know, there's something else, eh, father?—a drop over sometimes.

LUSHY. Dost think so lass ? Well, I bears no malice, but here's Jack Twaddle got rich, and goin' i'th Council, and I know he's fond of a glass. However, take these boots for his wife, and wait for t'brass, for I've none.

SARAH. I'll go, father, now; but I don't like seeing Mrs. Twaddle.

LUSHY. Why child?

SARAH. When I took Mr. Twaddle's boots she asked me if Old Lushy was sober; meaning you, father.

LUSHY. Pooh! Pooh! I bears no malice. Go at once, lass, and take the little bill you made out.

*Exit SARAH.*

LUSHY (*Very thoughtful*). Insult my Sarah. I suppose the stuck-up madam thinks because I'm poor and likes a glass I'll put up with it—but I won't—hang me if I do! I won't forget that. You may play your tricks with Lushy Franks, but not with my Sarah.

*Enter MICKY DOYLE.*

MICKY. Top o' the morning to you, Mr. Lushy my boy, but you're in luck.

LUSHY. Luck's agen me.

MICKY. Not always honey. Sure you recollect the advertisement in the paper I read to you.

LUSHY. Well, nothing came of it. I did think something was a brewin' when that Lunnon chap sent the two-penny letter telling me he had something to my advantage if I'd send a sovereign.

MICKY. Oh you mane "Mr. Ady."

LUSHY. Ay, that's him—Ady. In course I sends him the sovereign, and then he bamboozles me with "Folio 22,678. Chancery ledger is closed and 3½ cents Bank unities is sold, and on having £5 more he'll send further information."

MICKY. Oh Lushy, you may be sure something's in the wind.

LUSHY. It's all gammon. Luck's agen me.

MICKY. Ah! Luck's a rum-un. Here I am in your nasty dirty England, mixing with your commonality, and the likes of you Mr. Franks, and leaving my elegant mansion in Ireland to waste during my absence. But Lushy you're in luck. Sure your pretty daughter's the belle of the town.

LUSHY. You don't say so?

MICKY. Faith I do. But what think you of the election. Sure, here's the paper what'll make your friend Twaddle flame in history.

LUSHY. He's no friend to a poor cobbler like me.

MICKY. You're mistaken, boy. He remembers you night and morning—(*aside*; if you owe him anything)—but listen to this my jewel. (*Reads*.)

*To the Burgesses of Saint Patrick's Ward.*

GENTLEMEN,—

At the approaching election I intend offering myself for this important Ward, and to shew my object I will briefly state my views.

The grand object is economy; and first and foremost I would oppose all measures to increase the Police, and if possible to annihilate that expensive pest to society, whose only mission seems to be to create disturbances among the peaceable Irish who form the respectable portion of the Ward. (*Aside*: That's my own.) The next step should be an utter stop to municipal interference between the shopkeeper and the workingman, and thus do away with any inspection of weights and measures, and rid the town of unpleasant exposés of any deficiency that might occur. (*Aside*: That's Twaddle's.) The next and most important measure I would suggest should be an entire stoppage to any extension of sewerage, and by that means put an end to the immense drain now going on in the town. (*Aside*: That's Twaddle's.) And lastly, let not your rights be trampled on. Uphold the rights of the people—encourage the Celt, and let him have the necessary relaxation on that day of the week he has the opportunity. (*Aside*: That's my own.)

Again asking your suffrages,

I am, gentlemen,  
Your most obedient and faithful servant,  
JOHN TWADDLE.

62, Brooke-street, 24th October, 1858.

N.B.—Mr. Twaddle's Committee room is held at the Blue Pig, where burgesses are invited every evening until the election.

What think you of that, Mr. Franks? That's what I call buttering the burgesses.

LUSHY. But what do you want with me, Mr. Doyle?

MICKY. Want? Faix I want nothin' barring your vote for Old Twaddle.

LUSHY. And if I don't give it?

MICKY. Oh! if you don't it matters nothin' if you owe nothin'; but Lushy your rent may be a trifle behind, and may be there ain't a bailiff in the ward.

LUSHY. Well, I'll think of it.

MICKY. You'd better, darlin'.

LUSHY. But do you think every body admires my Sarah?

MICKY. Sure all the town's worshipping the swate creature.

LUSHY. Well, do you know, I fear the girl's in love with young O'Brien next door.

MICKY. The devil she is!

LUSHY. Yes; and tho' I say it to you, Mr. Doyle, I shouldn't like her to marry a common Irishman.

MICKY. Oh, lave that spaldeen to me, and I warrant the girl will take up with a rale gentleman; but my honey, I must be off to the committee, and may be I'll see you at the Blue Pig.

LUSHY. Well, I don't know. I've only done one job o' work this week.

MICKY. Work? Why you see my boy, we gentlemen of the old blood don't work. How could a Doyle of Doyle Castle dirty his fingers with work. No, no, lave all that to the dirty Saxon. So good-bye Lushy. Mind "Twaddle and the people."

[Exit.]

LUSHY. I bear no malice, but there goes another who never works, and yet he's always in clover. I wonder though when he'll pay me the halfcrown he borrowed: and then there's that Diddlepool Society job—I don't like it. What a fool I was to be bound with him for £20. I wish I was out o' that. I didn't like that fellow giving me the bit o' paper the other day. However, I'll just put on my coat, and see what's going on at the Blue Pig.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Mr. Twaddle's Parlor.* Enter Mr. & Mrs. TWADDLE.

Mrs. TWADDLE. You is'nt proud, John Twaddle, you is'nt. You hought to 'old up your 'ed; aint we got 'ouses and a gig? Look igh, Mr. Twaddle, and I'll lead you on.

Mr. TWADDLE. Ay, ay, Mary, but—

Mrs. TWADDLE. Mary again! Hav'nt I told you before? If you please, Mrs. T.—halways

Mr. TWADDLE. Well then, Mrs. T., I aint a good talker, and I think my genus lies behind a counter, and not in a council chamber.

Mrs. TWADDLE. There again. If you aint a good talker, learn hoff me; and, as Mr. Doyle says, "'old on

by your H's," but if you aint got pride for yourself, you should 'ave for me.

MR. TWADDLE. But I can't, Mary; I ain't fit. I don't know what that Irishman and you will make of me.

MRS. TWADDLE. I s'pose you means Mr. Doyle. Why he's rich, and a perfect gentleman.

MR. TWADDLE. Well, I hopes he is.

*Enter SARAH with the boots.*

SARAH. Please, father has finished the boots and hopes they will fit you.

MRS. TWADDLE. Is your father sober?

SARAH. Yes, ma'am, and promises not to get drink again. Here's the little bill ma'am.

MRS. TWADDLE. Mr. T., what rent does Lushy Franks owe?

MR. TWADDLE. Only a week or two, my dear.

MRS. TWADDLE. Well, reduct it.

SARAH. If you please, father is rather short of money just now, and—

MRS. TWADDLE. He's always short. He should keep sober.

MR. TWADDLE. Well, well, my dear, don't hurt the girl's feelings. You know Franks was my fellow apprentice and earliest friend. Come this way, and I'll pay the bill, Miss Sarah. [Exit Mr. TWADDLE and SARAH.

MRS. TWADDLE. Mr. Twaddle's low in listening to such people. Now, for my part, I think when you rises up in the world you should never look down for fear you should see where you comes from—them's my sentiments. I wonder where Mr. Doyle is all this time; he promised to call this morning about the medicinal elecshun. Oh! I do wish Mr. Twaddle may be a counstellor, and under my incision he could, as Mr. Doyle says, soon make a rotation. Then look how accomplished he be making me, though when young I was a ferocious child. Mr. Doyle certainly is not punctual in paying me the last two suffrins I lent him; but then I never properly axed him, however I'm determined to put him to the twist to-day.

*Enter MICKY DOYLE.*

Mr. Doyle, I was just thinkin' of you and the last two suffrins I—

MICKY. Mrs. Twaddle, my thoughts are entirely absorbed in the elevation of the illustrious Mr. T. and the admiration of the accomplished and beautiful Mrs. T.

(*bows obsequiously*)

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh! you flatter, Mr. Doyle.

MICKY. Not in the laste; but spaking of your beauty Mrs. T., reminds me that your introduction to polite society must not be forgotten. Now, you see, my rents being delayed makes me rather bare of the essential in carrying out this department of my services, and if you can make the last paltry two sovereigns into a trifle of five, may be it would be useful.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Well, Mr. Doyle, I will defer the matter to Mr. Twaddle.

MICKY. By no means. You see all my fashionable acquaintances—Mrs Fitzgabble, Mrs. Jenkins, and my intimate friend, Mrs. Crashier—all act independent of their husbands; besides, Mr. Twaddle has not the necessary ambition to attain the proud position you aim at.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Did you mention me to Mrs. Crashier?

MICKY. 'Faith, I did, and after the election is over she'll be delighted to see you. Mrs. Twaddle, if you aspire to polite society, never let the secret spring of action be disclosed.

Mrs. TWADDLE. I'm quite rejoiced (*taking out her purse*) Mr. Doyle you are so kind. Do you think Mr. Twaddle will be delected?

MICKY. Nivir fear ma'am. All the ward's true to a man; barring the dirty opposition who persist in supporting Poplin, the little draper next door—bad luck to him and his proud madam, Mrs. Poplin.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Mr. Doyle, I hates her; and he said Mr. Twaddle was a hunedicated ass. Mr. Doyle, here is the money (*gives him money*) but not a word to Mr. T. Only delect Mr. T. a counstellor, and I'll show Mrs. Poplin who's the lady. Mr. Doyle, she's a low, mean,

ugly thing. But I fear Mr. T's nervous temperance will undo all, unlesst you 'courage him.

MICKY. Lave him to me, ma'am, and if I see him now, I'll enlighten him on the necessary arrangements; and perhaps you'll let me have the rosettes for the burgesses?

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh! I'll go directly. (*calls*) Mr. Twaddle! Mr. Twaddle!

*Enter Mr. TWADDLE.*

MR. T., my luv, I'm just goin' out, but our friend, Mr. Doyle, will expose our inebrate derangements. [Exit.

MR. TWADDLE. Well, Mr. Doyle, what is it?

MICKY. Oh, I have arranged the meeting for to-night, Mr. T.; placarded the town with the new address; distributed your twenty pounds amongst a hundred Connaught boys, and another ten pounds will see you the rale representative of St. Patrick's ward, when you may annihilate the Inspector of Weights and Measures, and speak till you're dry upon municipal economy.

MR. TWADDLE. Egad! I don't like it. I thought the first ten pounds was to clear me?

MICKY. Just so, my darling; but you see the dirty opposition of Poplin incurs a contest. If you give in, Poplin beats you—the blackguard.

MR. TWADDLE. Sooner than Poplin shall beat me, I'll spend a hundred pounds,

MICKY. Well said, my Trojan! 'Faix, Councillor Twaddle you're a great man, and the sooner you hand me the needful the better, for I hear the little draper's friends are canvassing in all quarters.

MR. TWADDLE. Hang him! Will the ten pounds be sufficient? Sooner than that skip-jack should be—(*gives Doyle money*)

MICKY. Perhaps twenty pounds would be better to wipe out the dirty little Calico, who says you can't stand a contest.

MR. TWADDLE. Twenty be it, (*giving him more money*) Only let me beat Poplin and the sinews of war shall not be wanting. It costs a deal of money though. Never mind; not a word to Mrs. Twaddle.

[*Re-enter Mrs. TWADDLE dressed for going out.*]

Mrs. TWADDLE. Mr. Doyle, I hopes you has transplanted in the bosom of Mr. T. what you beautifully calls a wholesale deflection for hambition ?

MICKY. 'Faix, Ma'am, Mr. T.'s sinews of war surpass the secret spring of action, and Alderman Twaddle will look back with pleasure on the day he determined to frustrate the presumptuous attempts of the dirty little draper next door.

Mr. TWADDLE. Only let me beat Poplin, and—and—

Mrs. TWADDLE. I'll show Mrs. Poplin who's a lady.

MICKY. Never fear. So see to the rosettes, Mrs. Twaddle, and to-morrow we'll annihilate little Coburg.

[*Exit* MICKY.]

Mr. TWADDLE *going into the shop*, Mrs. TWADDLE *going through another door*.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Before I goes, John Twaddle, one word. When you is delected, don't demean yourself, but 'old up your 'ead, and show paltry drapers we hisn't them.

Mr. TWADDLE. Aye, aye, I'll show 'em how its done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Mrs. O'Brien's house.* Mrs. O'BRIEN and KATHLEEN seated.

KATHLEEN. Sure ma'am, I've walked from Diddlepool to-day, and if it were not for your kindness I'd have nowhere to go.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. You are welcome. I recollect the day I came to England, when the farm was sold after my poor Terence died, rest his soul ! and although I'd a little money, yet I found it hard enough in a strange country. But what made you come to England, dear ?

KATHLEEN. Oh, ma'am, the old story—love. My father and mother kept a shebeen in Tuam, where they were doing mighty well, until a shoemaker full of larning and roguery courted and married me ; and then—ochone ! my trouble began, and the once lively Kathleen Kelly became a miserable mother.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. The villain ! and where is he ?

KATHLEEN. For three years he borrowed and spent what little my father had saved, then cruelly bate me and abused the little darling children. But musha, darling, I love him still ; and if I find him in England, maybe he'll again be the swate Micky Doyle of my youth.

Mrs. O'BRIEN Micky Doyle !

*Enter EDWARD O'BRIEN.*

Ted, the lady is from the ould country, and mighty poor.

EDWARD. She's welcome, mother. But I'm the bearer of bad news ; Lushy Franks has got the bailiffs, and I want you, mother, to go with me and say something to poor Sarah who's nearly heartbroken.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. Poor Sarah ! I'll go at once. Katty dear, go to bed, and though I can't stay with you, you're welcome to the house of Bridget O'Brien.

EDWARD. I'm sure you'll excuse mother when you know we've a friend in trouble.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. Good night, dear, we'll soon be back.

KATHLEEN. Good night, ma'am.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Lushy Franks' House, LUSHY seated at his stall dejected. SARAH crying. Two BAILIFFS.*

1st. BAILIFF. I say, old codger, can't you raise the brass ? £25 9s. 3d. ain't much.

LUSHY. No. I can't raise twenty-five shillings. Luck's agen me.

1st BAILIFF. Then write away Sam. Inventory of Lushy Franks' chattels.

2nd BAILIFF. (*writing*) "Franks' chattels"—go a-head.

1st BAILIFF. Item—one oak-case clock.

2nd BAILIFF. "Oak-case clock."

1st BAILIFF. Item—One chest o' drawers. I say young woman, everything's in nice order.

2nd BAILIFF. "One chest o' drawers." Yes, wot's the good of crying ; if you have a friend, now's your time to find a friend.

SARAH. What's to be done, father? Must I see if Mr. Twaddle will lend you the money?

LUSHY. Ay, that's a good girl. I bears no malice. Ask him if he'll help his old friend Franks, and if he won't—luck's agen me—all must go. This is all through being surety. [Exit SARAH.

1st BAILIFF. I say, old 'un, ain't you got nothing towards the levy? It's a pity to wipe out all the furniture. Item—six chairs, Sam.

LUSHY. (*shakes his head*) No—nothing!

2nd BAILIFF. "Six chairs," Joe.

1st BAILIFF. Item—ten odd tumblers. I 'spose you wets your whistle now and then. Item—one pair of bellows

2nd BAILIFF. "One bellows," Joe. I'm blowed if he don't tipple.

1st BAILIFF. Item—one sofa, Sam.

2nd BAILIFF. "One sofa," Joe. I say, cobbler, can't you save your beds? Though we're bums we've buzzums. It seems a pity to break up your little clean house. We knows the debt ain't your own, but all along o' your being bound with an Irish rogue. Surety first and sorrow afterwards, or "lost to sight, to memory dear," as bail said when the thief was missing.

*Enter SARAH.*

SARAH. Well, father, I can't get it.

LUSHY. What did Twaddle say?

SARAH. Mrs. Twaddle says Mr. Twaddle's busy with the election, and she says it serves you right, and hopes it will teach you a lesson.

LUSHY. I don't care for myself, but for you my poor sweet Sarah who has kept the house so neat and clean. It's hard to part with all. I didn't think Jack Twaddle would forsake me; I know it's his proud wife. I bears no malice—but—

1st BAILIFF. Malice be hanged! He ain't worth a rap if he cuts you in distress.

*Enter EDWARD and Mrs. O'BRIEN.*

EDWARD. I'm sorry to hear of your misfortune, Mr. Franks, but have you no means entirely? Can I help you?

LUSHY. No. You see, my lad, twenty-five pound's a good round figure for a poor cobbler to raise. I see no prospect. Luck's agen me.

EDWARD. Mother dear, I told you we could do it. We've saved the money and more, Mr. Franks, and when you took me in, a poor Irish lad, and learnt me how to earn my living, I little dreamt the happy day I'd have in offering a trifle in return. I've got the money in the bank, and here's the book at your service.

LUSHY. I don't deserve your kindness, my lad. In better days, spite of the girl's love, I always despised your affection for my pretty Sarah. I did think Twaddle's son, before he left home, liked my pretty Sarah. I bears no malice, but hang all rotten friends, says I. No, I can't take your money my lad.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. Take it Mr. Franks. Sure it's no disgrace to accept a trifle from the O'Briens.

EDWARD. Don't refuse my offer—'tis offered with a good will, Mr. Franks.

SARAH. Oh don't refuse, father.

LUSHY. I accept your kindness, but how I'm to repay — (*Takes the book*).

Mrs. O'BRIEN. Never mind the pay, Mr. Franks. Sure your kindness long ago helped us in our need. Look how Miss Sarah smiles through her tears—faith all will be right now.

LUSHY. Well, my girl, your Irish lad has won my heart as well as yours, and if you love him as he deserves, you may bid good-bye to young Twaddle as your father's choice.

1st BAILIFF. I say, Sam, here's a go! Love has set the pot a boiling. So stop the inventory, Sam, and Mr. Cobbler, and you Mr. What's-your-name, just go with me to Fact and Plainway's and settle this 'ere disagreeable.

EDWARD. Let us go now, and leave your brother bailiff in charge.

2nd BAILIFF. Oh yes, I'll take care of all here.

*Exeunt LUSHY, EDWARD O'BRIEN, and BAILIFF.*

END OF ACT I.

B 2

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—FACT & PLAINWAY'S *Office*.

Mr. FACT seated at his desk reading a letter.

Mr. FACT. (*Opening letter—reads*)—

DIDDLEPOOL ROYAL LOAN SOCIETY v. DOYLE & ANOTHER.

DEAR SIRS,—

We have obtained execution herein against one of the defendants named Franks of your town, a shoemaker, and instructed the bailiffs to wait upon you if any—

(*exclaims.*) Why this is the Franks who is interested in  
*re Morphia*—

if any payment is offered in discharge of debt and costs. The other defendant, Doyle, is not worth powder and shot.

Yours truly,

BUNGY, WRIGGLE & TWIST.

Diddlepool, 31st October, 1858.

Well, Mr. Wriggle, I wish you had some other agents than Fact and Plainway, for I don't like the sharp practice of your Diddlepool Royal Loan Society. I dare say this poor cobbler has been surety for some blackguard.—  
(*Opens another letter—reads*)—

RE MORPHIA.

DEAR SIRS,—

Enclosed you have first half notes for £1000. We have made enquiries at the War Office, and with the information obtained through you from the Paymaster of your district, we are satisfied the man Franks was one of the soldiers who saved testator's life.

Please get the enclosed affidavit sworn, and the legacy receipt for £1000 signed by Franks, and we will on receipt remit you second half notes.

Yours faithfully,

BAGGES & BLUNT.

1, Gosport-street, Portsmouth,  
31st October, 1858.

Well, this is strange. (*Rings bell.*) The man will be mad with joy. (*Enter Boy.*) Boy, do you know George Franks ?

Boy. No sir. I know Lushy Franks, he's below, sir, with two other men.

FACT. Lushy Franks that's he. Send them in.—  
*(Exit Boy.)* I am glad the Diddlepool gentlemen have not entirely ruined the poor fellow.

*Enter Bailiff, Franks, & Edward O'Brien.*

BAILIFF. Morning, sir. We called last night, but the office was shut. Diddlepool *v.* Doyle—defendant called to pay debt and costs. Mr. Wriggle, of Diddlepool, said as how you'd settle for us.

FACT. What is the amount of your writ?

BAILIFF. £25 9s. 3d., 10s. for mileage, and inventory 2s. 6d., makes £26 1s. 9d., and your charges.

FACT. Well, Mr. Franks, can you raise the money?

LUSHY. I could'nt raise it myself, but this honest Irish lad has offered to pay the money, but goodness knows when I can pay him back.

FACT. What is your name? (*to O'Brien.*)

EDWARD. Edward O'Brien, sir. I have not the money ready, but here is my bank-book (*hands him the book*) to shew I can pay it in a week, sir.

FACT. I will advance the money at once, Bailiff, and remit Mr. Wriggle to night, so you may give up possession; and Edward O'Brien, perhaps you will go with him, while I talk to Mr. Franks.

[*Exeunt Bailiff & Edward O'Brien.*

FACT. Now, Mr. Franks, who is the young man just gone out?

LUSHY. His name's O'Brien—lives next to me, and you see there's my pretty Sarah—so that's—

FACT. Oh! I see; that is what induces him to befriend you.

LUSHY. Why, he's a good sort of chap, and was always kind and well behaved, but luck's agen me, or I'd never be beholden to an Irishman, tho' he's mortal kind to be sure. But it was an Irishman did it.

FACT. Did what?

LUSHY. Why, got me into th' mess. Hang him for an Irish rogue.

FACT. Well, well, don't hang the flock for one bad sheep. I suppose you were always a shoemaker?

LUSHY. Yes, except when young I went soldiering a bit, but luck was always agen me, for I no sooner got well drilled and through my facings, than we were ordered to India, and me and my comrade, Tom Parker, one night met with an accident in Portsmouth that settled my soldiering.

FACT. Indeed ! How was that ?

LUSHY. One summer's night, Parker and me had been at the "Benbow," and going to quarters rather late, who should we see on the jetty, close to the water's edge, but fat Major Morphia, who had been dining with the Port Admiral, lying fast asleep. Tom punched the Major for old scores, and I tried to raise him ; but Lor' bless your life, the Major were mortal fat, and we left him. We had hardly gone a dozen yards, when the Major must have turned over, for we heard a jolly splash ; and turning back, heard him bellowing and struggling in the water. Parker and me got a boat and laid hold of him, or rather him hold of me, for he bit off my thumb, and tho' we saved the Major's life, you see he spoiled my soldiering.

FACT. And what then ?

LUSHY. Oh ! the Major was quite sober after his ducking, and blowing up me and Parker for being out so late, gave us a stiff glass of grog a-piece, and off we went to barracks. Next morning my hand was very bad, and the Doctor reported me unfit for service, and after a month in hospital I came home with a small pension and got married ; but luck was agen me, for my poor Susan died, and here I am as poor a cobbler as ever knocked a nail.

FACT. And what became of the Major and Parker ?

LUSHY. Oh, they went to India, and are there yet, for ought I know, tho' I have heard that Parker got on, thro' being a scholar.

FACT. Now Mr. Franks, I have heard all your story—hear mine. Major Morphia died two years ago, and has left £1000 to Serjeant-major Thomas Parker of the same regiment, and £1000 to George Franks, late private in Her Majesty's 30th Regiment of foot.

LUSHY. None o'your gammon Mr. Fact. A thousand pound ?

FACT. It is true I assure you, and—

LUSHY. A thousand pound !

FACT. Here are the affidavits of your identity, and the legacy receipt, for you to sign.

LUSHY. A thousand pound ! Hurrah !—I'll sign anything !—Lushy Franks' mark good for a thousand pound ! Can you lend me an odd twenty just to taste ?

FACT. Let me advise you not to sign anything, or you may repent it ; take care of your money.

LUSHY. Oh yes; but—Hurrah—I'll—I'll—I'll shew off with a flare up ! Hurrah—I'll shew Twaddle what's a thousand pound.

FACT. Be calm ; and I think you couldnt do better than give a few hundreds—

LUSHY. A thousand pound !

FACT. —to your daughter on her marriage with young O'Brien,

LUSHY. A thousand pound !

FACT. Here, ten pounds will do just now, I think.

LUSHY. Let me go. I'll surprise our town—I'll—I'll—Oh yes, Sarah shall be married to—A thousand pound !

FACT. I say take care of—

LUSHY. (*going*) A thousand pound ! [Exit.

*Re-enter.*

LUSHY. I say, Mr. Fact excuse me, I'm so tossicated—I'm—I'm—I say, can you settle nine hundred pound on my girl to day ? Eh ! What ?

FACT. Oh yes ; but why to-day ?

LUSHY. It must be to-day. You'll excuse me. A thousand pound !

FACT. Well you must call to-day at 3 o'clock, and I'll see what can be done.

LUSHY. Hurrah ! A thousand pound ! Sarah's nine hundred makes nineteen hundred—Hurrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in Mr. Twaddle's house.*

*Mrs. Twaddle standing at Tea Table.*

Mrs. TWADDLE. I'm all flustration to know how the leckshun's gone on ; (*looking at her watch*) four o'clock.

They'll soon be here. I suppose Mr. Twaddle will be cheered in a chair. To think he should be a counstellor! Oh dear, I wish they would come with a milingtary band, and—(*"hurrah" outside.*) Listen—hush—what do they say—(*opening the window into the street*)—There they come—(*shouts in the street, "Poplin for ever" "no more Twaddle," "Hurrah, hurrah!"*) Lorjus, to think! My gracious! Oh la! That nasty Poplin's won; see there they are cheering him. I can't abide. I never can live. If I'd been a man, I'd a—I'd a—

*Enter TWADDLE dejected.*

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh John Twaddle, to think you could bring me to this.

Mr. TWADDLE. Don't blame me, its all through you, and that villain of an Irishman, that I'm made a fool of, and spent all this money.—Sixty pounds as sure as a gun.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Well; I'd sooner 'a spent a 'undred pounds than be repeated in this way. Why, you 'eaded the poll at three o'clock?

Mr. TWADDLE. Aye, and then that Irish blackguard Doyle sold me to Lushy Franks, who's treating all the town at the Blue Pig.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Lushy Franks!

Mr. TWADDLE. Ay Lushy Franks, who has had ten thousand pounds left him.

Mrs. TWADDLE. My grecious! This is worse than all, I shall go stark mad. Why, to think how you served him last night. Sarah will never have our son Peter now, I'm sure.

Mr. TWADDLE. I served him?—I served him?—well—that is a good un! You—you—you mean.

Mrs. TWADDLE. (*crying*) John Twaddle, how can you serve me so? It's just like you.

Mr. TWADDLE. Well don't lay the blame on me then, we've both been a couple of noodles. But no more elections, and the sooner we're rid of this wily Irishman the better. There, now don't fret.

Mrs. TWADDLE. (*still crying.*) But there's that proud Mrs. Poplin will crow over us. Oh! Oh!

Mr. TWADDLE. Never mind Poplin. Poplin be hanged. Lets stick to the grocery line, and a fig for Councillors.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Mr. Twaddle you is low, you is. My blood boils at the name of Grocery line and Figs. If you have lost the leckshun, you needn't throw the shop in my face.—You bemeans—

Mr. TWADDLE. Hang the election (*kicks over the tea table*) and your pride too, I've been a fool long enough, and I'd have you to know Mary Twaddle, both of us recollect the day when we never expected to have such a shop.

Mrs. TWADDLE. You hard-hearted—

Mr. TWADDLE. Soft-headed you mean. Here I am, like a thick-head, spent sixty pounds to exhibit my foolery, and allowed a poor Irish lad to surpass me in kindness to my old friend Lushy Franks, and all through what?—your pride Mary, and my vanity—and that cursed Doyle.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Well, don't blame Mr. Doyle for spending the money, I'm sure—

Mr. TWADDLE. There again. Hang it—don't put me in a rage—I shall be vexed soon. Why it's to that rascal I've paid every penny.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh! oh! (*fainting*)

Mr. TWADDLE. My dear Mary—what's to do? I didn't mean to do it. Mary—Mary.

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh! forgive me, I'm to blame more than you. I know—I feel I am. Will you forgive me dear? I know I'm to blame.

Mr. TWADDLE. What's this--(what's to do—*aside*.) for goodness sake what is it lass?

Mrs. TWADDLE. I've—I've—(*sobbing*) I've—Mr. Doyle owes me thirty-six pound—Oh! John don't.

Mr. TWADDLE. Don't, Don't. I'll strangle him. I'll law him, I'll—I'll hang him. I'll murder him. Why how did the rascal get it from you?

Mrs. TWADDLE. Oh John—He borrowed it from time to time, but, perhaps he'll pay you, if he sees you're vexed. I never saw you so before.

Mr. TWADDLE. No, I wish you had. To think I've been such a fool. Mary Twaddle, we're both to blame. I blame myself in letting you have too much your own way,

and encouraging such tom-foolery. Why did I bother myself about Town Council? If it were not for such fools as me, we'd have a better corporation lass, however, it's not too late to mend.

Mrs. TWADDLE. No, John—Oh forgive me, and I promise not to forget I'm your wife John, and not the madam I have been; although I am to blame in pushing you in town's business and neglecting our own, John, I am not the only woman who has done that.

Mr. TWADDLE. Mary, forgive me—forget my anger, bless you—and I trust this will teach us both a lesson, and if so, the money's not thrown away after all; and if it weren't like making friends, because he's better off, I'd go at once and see Franks.

*Enter SERVANT.*

SERVANT. Please ma'am, here's a young man wants to see master.

MR. TWADDLE. Tell him, come in. Mary, wipe your eyes.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

*Enter EDWARD O'BRIEN.*

EDWARD. Please Mr. Twaddle, Mr. Franks is sorry he interfered in the election to day, and hopes his old friend will forgive him.

MR. TWADDLE. Tell him his old friend, Jack Twaddle, is ashamed to have neglected him in his distress, and will come to see him to-night. Will you go with me Mary?

Mrs. TWADDLE. Yes John, and Mr. O'Brien, tell Miss Sarah, I'm sorry I treated her so unkindly.

EDWARD. Oh certainly, they'll be delighted.

[*Exit O'BRIEN.*]

MR. TWADDLE. Come, lass, let's shut up the shop and go and see my old friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Lushy Franks' House.*—*Lushy Franks, Mr. and Mrs. Twaddle, Sarah Franks, and Edward O'Brien.*

LUSHY. I say Twaddle, my lad, give us your hand.

TWADDLE. And my heart too, George.

LUSHY. (*shaking hands*) Ay—ay, No water in this tobacco, old Nutmeg, real friendship and no mistake. I say, Twaddle, come, drink up. (*drinks*) Here's "Fortune."

TWADDLE. "Fortune."

LUSHY. Come—Come (*hiccup*) you must all drink, come Ned O'Brien—what do you think of your intended father-in-law? Fine fellow, is'n't he? You'll never be the man I was.

"I'm a merry, &c.

Oh, I'm so delighted we're friends again! Mrs. Twaddle.

Mrs. TWADDLE. And so am I, Mr. Franks, and I hope you'll forgive my unkindness.

LUSHY. Don't mention it. I say, Sarah, take Mrs. Twaddle to see your Edward's mother.

Mrs. TWADDLE. I was just going to ask Mr. O'Brien to escort me.

EDWARD. My mother will be very glad to see you, ma'am. Sarah, will you go with us?

[*Exeunt SARAH, EDWARD, and MRS. TWADDLE.*]

LUSHY. I say, Twaddle, my lad, that kind creature Mrs. O'Brien took in a poor woman yesterday, and do you know that she turns out to be the wife of that vagabond, Micky Doyle, yes—the rascal after spending her bit of money, left her starving in Ireland, and as he's coming to night to see me, we mean to surprise him—ha! ha!

MR. TWADDLE. The villain—I shall have hard work to avoid thrashing him.

LUSHY. Oh no, don't spoil the game; I expect him shortly, so you'd better go and see Mrs. O'Brien next door, and come in when the fun begins.

TWADDLE. Well, I should like to see the villain caught

[*Exit.*]

(*Lushy fills his Pipe and smokes.*) A thousand pound (*puff, puff.*) A thousand pound! (*sings.*)

"I'm a merry little soldier," &c., &c.

*Enter SARAH with a Parcel.*

LUSHY. Hallo—my lass, where did you come from, eh? what's that?

SARAH. It's the parcel Mr. Fact has sent, and he says, I must lock it up.

LUSHY. Yes, yes, lock it up, put it under Mr. Smith, girl. I say, Sarah, you vixen, don't you love your old father?

SARAH. Yes father, dearly.

LUSHY. (*hiccup*) Drunk or sober, eh?

SARAH. You must keep sober now, father.

LUSHY. Oh yes now, never again, you know. (*trying to be sober.*) But Sarah, I'll tell you what's in the parcel. Its a denture I think, yes a denture to be sure, settling twenty pounds a year on my Sarah, and the rest on you my girl, with a diversion—I think, Mr. Fact said, diversion—yes, a diversion to the little O'Briens.

SARAH. Oh father, you are very kind, and I'll never forget it.

LUSHY. Well, I know you won't. You loved your old dad before, and you'll love him now, won't you?

SARAH. Oh father, Mr. Fact said, you were to send for him, when the gentleman came.

LUSHY. Did he? very well, I'll send for him. I say, Sarah, do you know who the gentleman is?

SARAH. No.

LUSHY. Why, its Micky Doyle the Irish blackguard, and egad I think Fact wants him about some law, perhaps his fortune's come—the Irish rents he talks about. You see I've seen (*swaggering*) my solicitor to day, and talked over my friend's affairs, as well as my own.

SARAH. I didn't think you'd have had that bad man again in our house father.

LUSHY. Well, you know girl, if he's as rich as he says, he's not so bad after all. I bears no malice; and though it was a scurvy trick to serve me and Twaddle so, yet you know if he's rich, why—but whether or not I expect him, and as you don't like him, just go to lawyer Fact and tell him he's come; and here he is, as merry as a cricket.

(MICKY DOYLE heard without, singing.)

“Oh ! St. Patrick was a gentleman and came,” &c.

*Enter MICKY.*

MICKY. Oh, Mr. Franks, you're the man of (*bowing*) money. (*Salutes SARAH as she passes out.*) My angel, but you'll be the death of me. [Exit SARAH.] Sure Mr.

Franks I've had a little remittance, and I've brought you twenty pounds towards the trifles that caused your wealth; for do you see, if it had not been for the trouble I caused you, you'd never have had the fortune.

LUSHY. I bears no malice Mr. Micky Doyle, so fill up. Here's "luck!" (*Enter Mr. and Mrs. TWADDLE, EDWARD O'BRIEN, MRS. O'BRIEN, and KATHLEEN unseen by MICKY DOYLE.*)

MICKY. That's the word, "luck." (*Drinks.*) Ah! darling, you little know how much Micky Doyle respects you; you're a great man Mr. Franks.

LUSHY. (*hiccup*) Oh yes, a tremendous fellow—(*aside*, what's he up to?)

MICKY. Then look at the pretty daughter you've got.

LUSHY. (*aside*, Oh! oh! I smokes him now.) Yes, so, so.

MICKY. I have this day kicked over old Twaddle to please you; and you're the very man I'd pick for a father-in-law.

LUSHY. What me? Why you never said a word before—

MICKY. Oh, Modesty! you shame-faced hussey, you'll be the death of me. Franks, my darling, I've always loved your daughter.

LUSHY. My daughter! Nonsense; besides she's to be married to O'Brien.

DOYLE. The blackguard. Sure you don't know the scoundrel's married already! and the people say she came home yesterday, but old Mrs. O'Brien is just as bad as her son, for she keeps the young wife within doors.

Mrs. O'BRIEN. (*In a great rage.*) You're the real blackguard Micky Doyle, and here you see the young woman you spake of. (*brings forward KATHLEEN.*)

MICKY. (*Aside*, What? Kathleen! you old witch, how the devil came ye here? Curse ye, I'll murder ye.) Who's this?

KATHLEEN. Oh, Micky dear, I've travelled all the way from swate Ireland for one kind word from you. Oh! darling dear, look upon me. Micky Doyle! Micky Doyle!

MICKY. Never! I don't know you woman. Mr. Franks, it's a trick.

EDWARD. Why, you villain, do you disown your own wife?

MICKY. She's not my wife, you wisp. I'll strangle you. Franks, it's a trick of that booby grocer and his proud wife.

MR. TWADDLE. (*grasps him by the throat.*) You black-guard, I'll pay you off.

*Enter Mr. FACT and SARAH.*

LUSHY. Hallo, Mr. Fact, you find us rather upset. Here's Mr. Doyle don't know his own wife.

MR. FACT. Well, perhaps she is not his wife.

MRS. O'BRIEN. Plase yer' honor she is his lawful married wife, but the villain—

MR. FACT. Stop, my good woman. Stop, stop, you are mistaken—this is an Irish gentleman, Mr. Doyle of Doyle Castle, at least so says my lucky friend, Mr. Franks.

LUSHY. Well, he told me so.

MR. FACT. He told you so. Why do you doubt it, Mr. Franks? I have some correspondents in Ireland, and I think Mr. Doyle is not the man you take him for, nor is he indeed the husband of the lady there.

MICKY. Your honor's a gentleman.

MR. FACT. Thank you. Do you expect your Irish rents shortly, Mr. Doyle?

MICKY. Oh yes, I expect them this mail.

MR. FACT. Mr. Doyle you are right, your agent himself has brought them. (*Calls—Mr. NIPPER.—louder—Mr. NIPPER.*)

*Enter Mr. NIPPER.*

FACT. Will you please do your business with Mr. Doyle. It seems he's expecting you.

NIPPER. Oh, certainly. I say, my fine fellow, you've been and gone and led us a nice chase up and down the country, while you were waiting for the castle Doyle rents—Oh vot a sell.

MICKY. What's this? Who are you?

NIPPER. Come, don't a-come it that a-ways. I knows you, it von't do—make short work of it, as the man said to the guillotine—what think yer of these bracelets, my swell. (*producing the handcuffs.*) I says, neat, not gaudy—bigamy's

the charge, my chicken—Come along, William Burns of Cork—*alias* Valker, *alias* Vest, *alias* Doyle—if yer will marry a young un, viles the old'un pecks yer'd better live in Turkey. (*fastens the handcuffs.*)

KATHLEEN. Oh forgive him, forgive him.

MICKY. (*pushing her off; she faints in Mrs. O'Brien's arms, who takes her away.*) Stand off, I'm trapped at last. 'Faith, it's a trick, Lushy Franks. Who dare take me—I'm the wrong man—I'll bring an action for false imprisonment—curses on you all.

NIPPER. Come along my fine fellow, don't make this noise here.

[*Exeunt Mr. FACT & NIPPER leading off Doyle.*

Mrs. TWADDLE. Well, here's a misanthropy for a diocese, with a vengeance.

MR. TWADDLE. I'm glad the villain's caught, tho' Mrs. Doyle will be heart-broken. However, we must assist the poor woman to Ireland again,

LUSHY. Well, just have one glass before you go, Twaddle.

TWADDLE. Its getting late.

LUSHY. Well, just one. (*drinks.*) Here's "friendship." Now, I'll give you a bit of a speech. Stand round. Ladies and gentlemen.—Ecod, I can't say a word. However, I'm very happy, and I wish everybody the same; and tho' we've had one black sheep from Ireland, here's (*pointing to EDWARD O'BRIEN*) another that has redeemed the flock.

EDWARD. (*stepping forward*) Faith, I little dreamed my savings would be so useful, Mr. Franks. Sure, this is a proud day for my old mother and me; and if there is a greater prize than another for industry, it is the hand of my pretty Sarah.

SARAH. Whose greatest joy it is, to give it you.

TWADDLE. (*stepping forward*) If there is any candidate here for municipal honors, let him avoid Micky Doyle, or any other gentleman, who is expecting his rents from Ireland.

MRS. TWADDLE. And I would say to you ladies, respect your loving lords of recreation; and, above all, avoid the gentleman who forgets to pay you while he is in the derivation of the mysterious Mr. T., and the admonition of the beautiful Mrs. T.

LUSHY. And if there's any Major Morphia in the assembly, who has been dining with the Port Admiral, let him just have a snooze on the jetty at Portsmouth, and I warrant he'll have the special care of Tom Parker and Lushy Franks.

*Disposition of the Characters at the fall of the Curtain.*

Mr. TWADDLE.

EDWARD O'BRIEN,

Mrs. TWADDLE SARAH,  
LUSHY.









